the constant inquiry put. Because of sin, is the answer uttered, as it were, by a responsive voice from our own bosoms. And these feelings of intense anguish, whence come they?—Because of sin, is the reply, prolonged, as it were, by subterranean thunders. But the sentence is unnecessarily severe. Well, let me consider why it is inflicted. Because of sin, is the sound heard, as coming with awful solemnity from heaven, and from the very mouth of the Judge. But this sin is not so great after all, it is suggested. Well, let me examine it. " Here is a sin," is the voice coming from one quarter; " Here is a sin," is the voice coming from another quarter; till earth, over all its wide surface, joins with heaven and hell in ringing the sound of sin in. the ear.

The insects which issue from an ant-hill, when it is stirred, are not so numerous nor fierce as the eager reproaches which come forth, when the judgments of heaven visit the spirit. All the scenes of the past life, even those regarded as most interesting at the time, and remembered with greatest pleasure ever since, are now made to disclose to the view the sin involved in them, but which was for a time concealed beneath the lovely foliage on which the eye rested. This youthful frolic, which once com-municated such pleasure in the remembrance—ah! it Is now seen that it proceeded from vanity. This deed of generosity to man—alas ! it was accompanied with an utter contempt of God. Nor was Fitz-James more astonished, when, in one of the most magnificent, and seemingly one of the most peaceful, scenes in nature, there sprung up an armed warrior from every bush and brake and hollow, than the person who has walked through life in a vain show, when his sins at last start up before Mm

" Wild as the scream of the curlew
From crag to crag the signal flew—
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows :

On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start—
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife—
As if the yawning hell to heaven
A subterranean host had given."
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